

Northland Lyrics

Still wearing through its new-born grace
The old sweet look of human love.

On ! On ! A hand for those who fall,
For those who droop a song of cheer,
Ears quick to catch the Leader's call,
Stout hearts the gloom shall not appal,
For lo ! the towers of Home are near !

There watching by the open door
Shine Cuthbert's heavenly eyes of blue,
There Muriel waits to meet once more
The earth-born loves she hungered for,
To clasp our hands and lead us through.

There shall our lost ones wait, and there
The height, the dream of our desire,
Supreme fulfilment, answered prayer
From lip to lip the watchword bear,
The cry of Home ! Through flood and fire !

IN AN OLD GARDEN

Sir Gold-Plush Beetle, in your crimson rose
With you how goes
This life of perfume breeze and pollen gold
Above the garden mold ?